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with all their baggage, three cannon, colours flying, safely to Mallow; securing them in their lives and properties, exercise of religion, fifteen days time for absentees to claim the like benefits, major and sheriffs of their own choosing, they upon these terms will surrender, and be good boys: the king laughed at it, saying he believed they were drawn by some furious lawyer, and has sent his articles away, and five regiments of foot, and 300 horse and dragoons, and we have orders to march immediately, what the issue will be, you shall have an account, because since you have given me leave to write to you, and laid your commands on me to let you know what passes, I shall never neglect, but upon all occasions let every one say what they please, shew how much I am

Your most faithful servant,
D. CAMPBELL.

To the summons sent by Douglass, the Governor Grace, a brave old officer, returned a passionate defiance—*these are my terms, said he, firing a pistol at the messenger.*

BOTANY.

We are happy to learn that a very fine collection of Cacti has lately been sent by Doctor Coulter, who was educated in the Dublin University, from Mexico to the College Botanic Garden.

The Genus Cactus is now separated into the following classes, viz. Cactus, Mamillaria, Cereus, Opuntia, Epyphyllum, Rhipsalis and Periskia. The collection from Mexico consists chiefly of the first four of these, containing altogether about seventy species, mostly new to the collections in Britain and Ireland.

The Cactus, or Epiphyllum speciosissimus, Cactus speciosus, and Cactus truncatus, lately introduced from Brazil, are now familiar to most admirers of plants, and are, when in flower, among the greatest ornaments of our stoves.

The Cereus grandiflorus or night blowing Cereus of Jamaica, and Cereus Flagelliformis or creeping Cereus, are also well known species of the tribe, and deserve a place in every collection.

In a tour which Mr. Mackay made through England and Scotland last autumn, he added above a thousand plants to the College collection. Several of them were procured from the splendid new conservatories at Lion House, by the order of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland; some of the most interesting were from the London Horticultural Society's Garden at Chiswick, lately introduced by their collector Mr. Douglass, from the Rocky mountains on the north west coast of America. The Genera Lupinus and Penstemon, of which there are numerous species, are particularly interesting; and will form a valuable addition to our hardy collections.

More than half of the plants introduced, however, were from the magnificent collections in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Botanic Gardens.

M.

MUSIC.

Nothing new has issued from the Musical press during the past week, we have not had time to visit the "Rayner Family," but expect to have a notice of their Concerts in our next Number.

THE DRAMA.

The performances at our Theatre during the past week, having been for the benefit of individual members of the Company, we are precluded from pursuing our usual *critique*, we regret that the speculation has not proved as productive to some of the persons concerned, as their talents entitled them to expect: as resident performers, they have a right to look for at least a share of those substantial marks of patronage which are so profusely lavished on the stars which occasionally shoot athwart our hemisphere, for unless fostered by public support, we cannot expect good performers to remain amongst us when they can find a more profitable field elsewhere.

In London "*Spectacles*" have been produced at almost every Theatre, major and minor, for the amusement of the holiday folk.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

THE RETURN OF WELLINGTON FROM WATERLOO.

The deed is done—the storm of battle o'er,
And now the victor comes, amid the cries
Of gratulation on his native shore,
Throning the hills, rank upon rank arise,
A theatre of men—while to the skies,
For aye the stunning shouts of victory soar;
And women, with their fond admiring eyes,
Cling round his path, and scatter flowers before.
Thus a great people feel, though lightly torn
By griefs, in privacy less proudly borne;
What though the widow's heart be bleeding still!
Tho' sire and orphan still in darkness mourn!
The patriot mind survives all human ill,
And feels, in times like these, heroic pulses thrill.

A. de V.—1816.

TO THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT DUNMORE EAST.

Thou glorious ocean! sure I feel
In adoration I could kneel
And worship thee!
Only such homage may not be
To other save the Deity.
Say rides He not upon thy waves,
With tempests for His chariot slaves,
Sweeping o'er thee?
And when His forked lightnings gored thee,
Sink not all human things before thee?
Does not thy ceaseless rolling tide
Loud speak, as if with heaven allied—
Eternity!
Is there, could silent gaze on thee,
Nor feel thine awful Majesty!
An emblem thou, thy waves upheaved,
Of the friendship of the hollow world,
Which, though twining
Round us in fortune's bright beams shining,
Proves cold and dark when in sorrow pining.
Methinks thy calm and gentle billow,
Might for the weary form a pillow
Of peace and rest:
Where, nor by care nor grief oppress'd,
They might sweetly dream of worlds more blest.

H. C.

PROJET.

Si jamais de quelque puissance,
Je suis le maître dans les cieux—
Je rends au monde son enfance,
Et quant au dieu d'amour, je veux
Qu'il immortalise les belles—
Qu'il éternise le printemps,
Et qu'il brûle en coupant les ailes,
Celles du temps.

TO ———.

How beautiful is music when it falls
Softly and sweet, upon the lonely ear,
What thoughts of other days its tone recalls,
Claiming from pensive memory a tear.
How beautiful is music, in the halls
Where mirth, and joy, and jocund dance appear;
And lights, and banners streaming from the walls:
And revelry, that even grief might cheer.
But sweeter far to me doth music seem,
When nor alone, nor mingling in the throng,
I listen with delight, while many a dream
Of wand'ring fancy mingles with the song,
And mark, the while, what pleasure and surprise,
Beem in thy soft and sweetly-speaking eyes.

I.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

We understand the author of "the Confessions of an English Opium Eater," has nearly ready a tale of uncommon interest. Blackwood is to be the publisher. A young German Artist, Mr. E. Neurentner, has recently completed some charming designs in illustration of the Ballads of Goethe, which, it is said, deserve to stand in competition with the Sketches made by Retsch for the Faust; if so, they must be indeed beautiful.

General Count Philip de Ségur, has been elected to the place in the French Académie, vacant by the death of the Duke de Lévis, by thirty-one votes out of thirty-two.

From the last published statement of the number of Students at the English Universities, it appears that Cambridge has now a majority over Oxford, having increased by 118 Students in the last year. The present total of the Members of Cambridge is 5263, while that of Oxford is 5259.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

M'Kenzie's Notes on Haiti, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1s. 1s. boards—Howison's Tales of the Colonies, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1. 1s. boards—Coventry's Coke upon Lyttleton, royal 8vo. £1. 1s. boards—Sturgeon's Bankrupt Act, 12mo. 6s. boards—Riland on Church Reform, 12mo. 6s. boards—Letters of a Recluse, 12mo. 3s. 6d. boards—Coddington on the Eye and Optical Instruments, 8vo. 5s. boards—Scale's Principles of Dissent, 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards—Sims' Memorial of Oberlin and De Stael, 12mo. 4s. boards—Irvine's Sermons, 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards—Baily's Algebra, 8vo. 8s. boards—Bucke's Julia Romano, a Drama, 8vo. 6s. boards—Muir's Sermons on the Seven Churches, 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards—Mather's Elements of Drawing, 12mo. 3s. boards—The Young Cook's Assistant 18mo. 1s. 6d. boards—Turner's Hertford, 8vo. 18s. royal 8vo. Indig proofs, £1. 10s. boards—Appleyard's Sermons, 12mo. 4s. boards—Grant on Liberality, 12mo. 5s. boards—Webster's Dramatic Works, 4 vols. crown 8vo. £2. 2s. boards—Holheim's Bible Cuts, 8vo. £1. 1s. boards, India £2. 2s. silk—Derwentwater, a Tale of 1715, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1. 1s. boards—Seager's Bos Ellipses, 8vo. 9s. boards—Counter's Island Bridge, a Poem, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We have to acknowledge the favour of a very obliging letter from 'the author of the Collegians,' enclosing an unpublished poem of Dean Swift's. The letter and poem shall appear in our next.

Such of our readers as are given to the study of the German tongue, would, no doubt, be astonished at being introduced in our last Number to a celebrated Roman Catholic divine, named Tahu. This was, of course, a misprint for Jahn; we corrected it in the revises over and over again; but our demons were resolved to mar our German theology.

A Sunday at Kingstown, in our next.

To calm the perturbed spirit of all the beautiful belles, with whose countless billets our table is covered, exhibiting innumerable specimens of the most exquisite crows-quill calligraphy, on tinted satin-paper, with "delicate fingers traced," we beg to give one general assurance that the strikingly interesting female figure depicted in page 237 of our last Number, is not a portrait of our lady-love, folding our editorial heart to her bosom. To the young lady who signs herself "*Symphonia*," and assures us she is dying of apprehension and an inverted eye-lash, but who, like the sinking swan, sends forth "such sweet sorrow," in the complimentary lines entitled "*Turfsalinda*, or the *Nymph of the Bog*," we owe our most grateful acknowledgments. We must sigh over the melancholy remembrance, that at our time of life—old as we are, for lady-love's love unit—we can only join in the chorus with our ancient friend Dan Horace, and sing—*Vixi puellis nuper idoneus.*

As to the very singular lady who has given birth to all these speculations, we rather opine that what she holds in her left hand is a terrestrial globe; and as she is a sensible looking woman, of a certain age, we suspect that she was filipping the said physical representative of the world with the fore-finger of her dexter hand, and exclaiming, like the zany in the frontispiece to Philip Quarle, "tinnit, inane est," it ringeth, it is empty.

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